

Life and Light for Woman

And when the Easter Sabbath broke,
In many a home the humble folk
Watched the blest Marys as they spoke
Of Him whom, dead, they sought.

While those, perhaps, whose ribald jeers
Had hurt the matchless Sufferer's ears,
Turned half away to hide their tears,
Or even spices brought.

And gladdest morning came at last,
To some whose doubts had held them fast,
As when a storm is overpast,
And sunshine scatters gloom.

So grant it, Lord, this Easter Day,
Cast fear and doubt and scorn away,
Bring human hearts beneath Thy sway,
As when Thou burst the tomb.—A. M. K.

Congregational Woman's Boards
of Missions
PUBLISHED IN BOSTON

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Principal of the School.

Life and Light

Vol. LI

March, 1921

No. 3

There Is a Way

Isa. 30: 21

There is a way to work and rest,
To play and love and pray,
That turns the good into the best,
And speeds the coming day.

There is a way of meeting pain,
Of bearing hurt and wrong,
That lifts our losses into gain,
Our sorrows into song.

There is a way to walk with God,
To whom all souls belong,
That makes the narrow wondrous broad,
The feeble strangely strong.

There is a way—for me, and now,
To win new life divine;
Before my Lord of Life I bow
And claim that way as mine.

STEPHEN G. BARNES.

A First View of Country Life in China

By Jean Dickinson, Peking

PREVIOUS interests and activities have given me a glimpse into the medical and educational lines of missionary work, but I felt very ignorant of how evangelistic work was done and in what it consisted. Also, as a sociologist, I strongly felt the need of seeing at least a glimpse of country life, having been given to understand that Peking is not typical of even North China, so I was most grateful for the opportunity of going into the country with Mr. and Mrs. Stelle. Through the Blackstone Fund, this mission now has a tent, and they are concentrating evangelistic forces on one village at a time for ten days or so. Just then they were at Yenchiao, a small but busy market town some nine or ten miles east of Tungchow. Miss Alice Huggins took me out. The walk was cold and dusty, but on the whole most interesting and enjoyable. It was my first experience of crossing a Chinese ferry, which was a flat boat, perhaps six by twenty feet in size, propelled by two men with long poles. The boat sidled up to a mud wharf, two boards were put down, the horses and donkeys were unhitched, and all the available man-power was used to haul the carts on, and to beat, cajole and drag the donkeys after them. I never could quite see why donkeys have such a constitutional objection to doing anything that is wanted of them.

On the way home I started to ride, perched on top of my mattress and other bedding, but the donkey was so hopelessly slow and balky that finally, when he slipped in a mud puddle and sat



The Balky Beast

down under me, I decided to walk, and even so, I had to urge the men and donkey to keep up with me. On the ferry one paid the equivalent of half a cent for three people and a beast. All along the way practically every other donkey boy we passed and many other travelers asked our man who we were and where we were going, and many others commented on these strange foreigners who hired a donkey and then walked! Each little village as we passed through was interesting: with the road worn deep into the soil, with the mud walls to houses and courtyards, with the devil-screen, a short wall, in front of every gate. The second river we had to cross was spanned by a bridge the like of which I never dreamed. One cart wide it was, so we had to wait some time for several heavy carts, drawn by anything up to six animals, horses, mules, donkeys or all together, to pass. The foundation was a few tree trunks, across which were a minimum of light beams. The roadbed was made of stuff like corn stalks, with just enough dirt on top to prevent the stalks from being too soon worn out. The whole thing wobbled and swayed even under a light cart. It was really a long bridge, though at the time the river was not filling the whole bed. They say that in the rainy season it is taken down or washed away, and must be rebuilt every year.

Here, in Peking and Shanghai, bound feet are the exception, and one can forgive the students in America who come from such centers for claiming that foot binding is a thing of the past. Here one hardly sees a single child with tiny feet, and relatively few older women. It is also true that in Shansi and some few other places it is rapidly going out. *But*, in all those villages we passed, and in Yenchiao, the girls and women with unbound feet were noticeably rare. Also, the feet were bound very much smaller than I have seen them elsewhere. It was just as bad as all that they say about it to see children five and six, so small and frail, hobbling in on these useless and incessantly painful pegs.

The tent was just outside the village, a regular double circus tent, and they were conducting one of the children's meetings when I arrived. Mrs. Stelle was finishing a story, to which the

children were listening with great interest, and then a young Chinese, with Bible school training, taught the children Chinese characters in their customary way, quite new to me, of naming each stroke in order. It was very cleverly done, bringing in valuable sidelights of morals and politeness. The young folks just loved it, responding, especially the boys, most actively.

We ladies returned to the church property while there was a men's meeting. Well within the city walls, on the busy main street, there is a Chinese compound, the street front of which is one big room, where the regular church services are held. Behind are several houses and courts in which a Y. M. C. A. secretary, the regular church workers and their families live. At this time the Stelles and the two Bible women and three or four extra preachers also were living there, and I had the fun of staying with the women in a real Chinese house, and seeing how they lived. My cot was in the outer room, but I could watch them unroll their quilts to go to bed on the "*kang*," or masonry platform, in which there is a fire and flues to keep it warmed a little, and in the morning roll them up again, wash and fix up for the day. We all ate together, in Chinese style at Chinese hours, namely, rice and cabbage with a little meat in it, at 4.30 and at 10 o'clock in the morning (a little late, as it was Sunday), what looked like macaroni, made of bean flour, with additions of vegetables, a meat dish and the little salted bits of vegetable which are their common flavorings for rice. It was an ample diet, or of a grade that would be considered by the Chinese as ample, but in no sense luxurious or extravagant, and I later found out that such food, plus fuel and other attendant expenses, costs ten or sixteen coppers a day, or half that in United States cents. I wonder less now, that they say they can keep famine sufferers alive on fifty-five cents, gold, a month. That would be poor and uninteresting diet, and the smallest possible quantity, *but* possible. The preachers took turns cooking, and I surely was keen to watch them prepare the food over two small fires, each with a thin metal, shallow bowl over it, about eighteen or more inches across. One fire also heated a "*kang*" in an adjoining room. The bean flour, mixed with water

into a dough, was rolled very thin, folded into several wide pleats, and cut into ribbons with a sharp knife. It took very little cooking to prepare this "macaroni," but I assure you it takes skill and absolutely Chinese lack of delicacy to eat it with chopsticks. It was not as the Chaucerian lady who "let no morsel from her lippes fall!" The Chinese folks there were much pleased and surprised that I enjoyed their food, for it seems that there are many, even of those born and brought up out here, who cannot eat it. I most certainly enjoy it. The families in that compound were obviously poor, but beautifully clean, and the children were adorable and friendly.

Saturday afternoon there was a woman's meeting, at which all the various women workers spoke. The women came in dribblets during the afternoon, until at the end there was quite a group there in spite of the cold. Singing, explanations of the hymns, stories from the Bible, morals of various sorts and practical advice were given, most of which was beyond my comprehension, though most of the time I could guess what they were talking about. When we got there at six o'clock in the evening, the tent was crowded, and more were coming in all the time. I estimated the attendance to be over four hundred. That meeting began with an excellent talk on the weakness of China, due to lack of education and enlightened public opinion, by one of the preachers. Then the lantern slides were shown, of which they have enough to show different ones each evening. I would have liked to have seen the health set, the posters of which, with explanations attached, were all around the tent. The ones that night were scattered Biblical scenes, the stories of which were briefly told, and an amusingly motley assortment of educational



A Christian Grandmother
at Tunghsien

pictures, scenes from many lands, huge farming machines on our western plains, etc., the brief explanations of which showed where were the gaps in that preacher's knowledge and experience. The audience, very largely men, were really interested and responsive. Certain faces were particularly interesting to watch, especially one young soldier.

Sunday morning we woke to my first snowstorm in China; most welcome, for it means moisture for the winter wheat. The loveliness of the whiteness over all was indescribable, but the poor Chinese, whose shoes are cloth or paper soled, did not appear in large numbers either at the market day, at which time the town is usually crowded, or at the tent services. We attended the usual church service for the members and those really interested, plus the inevitable curious onlookers. Two new members were taken into the church, and it was Communion Sunday. There were perhaps fifty people in the room, including several children and the babies to be baptized, who had to be nursed at intervals to keep them quiet.

One particularly illuminating event was a call on a family nearby who had asked the Bible women to call. One of them, Mrs. Stelle and I went through a prosperous coffin shop into the first little house behind. The middle room was passageway into the court behind, kitchen and general utility place. On each side were bedrooms, in one of which we were received, a room about ten by twelve feet, two-thirds of which was "*kang*," and half of the remaining space was filled with furniture, chests, etc. While we were there, all who were at home of four families living in that court came in—eighteen in all, several very old women, younger women, children and a few young men. They all wanted to know our names, ages, etc., in true Chinese style inspected our clothes and wondered why we were not cold, and embarrassed me by asking questions in words quite outside of our precious language school vocabulary. For instance, I have been taught four ways of inquiring age of people of different ages, and then they went and asked me, using a fifth, namely, if I was correctly informed, my honorable animal, or the animal of the year in which I was

born! We sang a hymn, and Mrs. Stelle gave them a short talk on what Christianity is, and we brought some of the men back to the service. That was a prosperous home, a typical village home. The thing which impressed me most was the visualization, for the first time, of the desperate lack of privacy in a Chinese home.

There is a good follow-up work after this tent preaching, for they are only working in places where they have churches. It was a new idea to me, and it is, of course, great grief to all that there has been a long quarrel in this town between the two chief workers in the past, now no longer there, causing a division into two camps (churches, to be exact) of the tiny handful of Christians. So this concentration of good workers, series of strong meetings and spreading of interest will be particularly valuable there. The evangelistic campaign includes the neighboring villages into which they go, having street meetings or gathering in the houses of leading townsmen to invite them to come over to the tent.

It certainly was a most impressive piece of work, done with good educational methods, led by very fine men and women, and meeting with real response. Needless to say, my eyes were opened for sociological material and village life is a most valuable study.



"Following Up" the Tent Work

8 Arlington Street, Boston, and stamps and "hunger cards" will be sent to all who are willing to undertake the sale of these. Gifts may be sent through the American Board treasury if so desired.

Rev. E. P. Holton, of the Madura Mission, who has been critically ill, is recovering, but has had to defer his plans for sailing for India. Rev. and Mrs. M. W. Ennis, **Personals.** of the West Africa Mission, arrived for their furlough January 27, and are staying at the Missionary Home in Auburndale. Dr. Ruth P. Hume, of the Ahmednagar Hospital, is expecting to sail March 15 for her long-delayed furlough. Dr. Harriet E. Parker, of the Madura Hospital, is booked for sailing about March first in company with Rev. and Mrs. C. S. Vaughan, Rev. and Mrs. F. E. Jeffery, and Miss C. S. Quickenden. Miss M. D. Wingate, for many years the honored and efficient secretary of the Woman's Board of the Interior, died early in January in Schenectady, N. Y., where she had made her home since retiring.

The Friday meeting in Pilgrim Hall, February 4, was one of special significance, as Mrs. Franklin Warner spoke for the first time since her election as President of the Woman's Board to an audience of the leaders in our Boston missionary societies. She gave a charming, personal talk on "Why I Am Interested in Missions." Mrs. Richard Rose of Barsi, Marathi Mission, pictured the needs of the great area where she and her husband are the sole American missionaries, and won all hearts as she pled for more help for these tiny villages.

Many thousands of envelopes have been distributed in our auxiliaries during the last few weeks, and with them has gone a little slip, "Contribution or Thankoffering?" As **Lenten Offerings.** Easter Sunday comes, these envelopes will be coming back. Shall they contain a gift which in some measure expresses our love and devotion to the Lord of Life and is commensurate with the pressing needs which the Woman's Board is just now facing?

The Council of the three Congregational Woman's Boards, authorized by the unanimous acceptance on the part of the several Boards of the report of the Committee on Co-operation, as reported in the January LIFE AND LIGHT, met in New York, January 15-17, for organization and business. Mrs. Ernest A. Evans, president of the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific, who is located for the present in New York, was elected chairman; Mrs. James H. Moore, vice-president of the Woman's Board of Missions of the Interior, clerk-treasurer; and Miss Edith Woolsey of New Haven, a director of the Woman's Board of Missions, was chosen executive secretary. Mrs. Evans was elected to serve as the representative of the three Boards on the Federation of Woman's Boards of Foreign Missions.

It was voted to ask the foreign secretaries of the Boards and the chairman and the executive secretary of the Council to make a survey of conditions in the Missions where the Woman's Boards have work, with a view to closer co-ordination of their interests; also that the executive secretary aid the Boards in the effort to assign candidates in such a way as to promote the greatest efficiency on the field and the best adaptation of workers to the vacancies to be filled. Other important measures were recommended for Board action and for the consideration of the Congregational World Movement Commission.

There were present at this meeting in New York, Mrs. Evans, and Mrs. R. C. Kirkwood of Palo Alto, vice-president of the W. B. M. P.; from the W. B. M. I., Mrs. Lucius O. Lee, home secretary, Miss Elizabeth Harris, the new assistant treasurer, Mrs. E. A. Osbornson, vice-president, and Mrs. Lydia Lord Davis of Oberlin; while from the W. B. M. were Mrs. Franklin Warner, Mrs. Everett E. Kent, Miss Woolsey, Miss Lamson, Miss Calder and Miss Kyle. Other members of the Council from our own Board, but unable to be present in New York, are Miss Frances Vose Emerson of Boston, Mrs. William Horace Day of Bridgeport, Conn., and the treasurer, Mrs. F. G. Cook.

The next meeting of the Council will be held in connection with the meeting of the National Council in Los Angeles, with an inspirational meeting for the women.

For various reasons the International Christmas Gift could not be completed before Christmas. Pitiful appeals for the children of Europe and starving people in China took precedence of all other calls. The results, however, are encouraging, and the Joint College Committee has voted to continue the effort, with the promise of cordial co-operation from the Federation of Woman's Boards of Foreign Missions. The financial report is still incomplete, but we are glad to give this statement from the Treasurer, who reports thousands of small gifts amounting to \$117,500, with pledges to the amount of \$70,000 more. From the co-operating Boards we have received cash and pledges for land and buildings amounting to \$330,000. The British Government pledges \$85,000 for Vellore Medical School buildings, and will meet the gifts for Madras College, which we hope will amount to \$50,000. We have, therefore, assets of more than \$600,000 toward the two million dollars needed for buildings and equipment for these institutions.

Comparatively few cities and states have been reached. Wherever there has been an active committee the results have been remarkably good. Many individuals have given small amounts, and the committee continues its efforts, earnestly hoping that during the coming months there may be an effort to secure large amounts from men and women interested in Christian education.

The Boards which are co-operating provide maintenance, and do not consider it advisable to ask for endowment at present, but if these colleges are to live they must have buildings immediately. In the pledges received are several which will provide memorial buildings and rooms.

These union colleges for women are located in the great cities of Tokyo, Peking, Nanking, Madras, Lucknow and Vellore. They are affiliated with universities for the greater part, thus

insuring grade and permanence. They are the product of fifty years of work on the part of Woman's Boards of Missions, and are the only hope for training Christian leadership for the women of the Orient.

For information and literature regarding this effort, apply to Mrs. Henry W. Peabody, 715 Ford Building, Boston, Mass.

Send all checks to Russell Carter, Treasurer, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

The Joint Committee on Union Colleges for Women in the Orient sends also this suggestion:

**A Further
Suggestion.**

We urge that meetings be held throughout the country to consider the needs of Union Colleges for the Women of the Orient. As a program, we suggest the reading by a well-trained reader the story "Waste" in *The Atlantic Monthly* for February, 1921. A statement regarding the need and work of the colleges will be furnished by the committee, representing the great denominations.

"An Elderly Spinster" has not exaggerated conditions, which can only be met by trained Christian leaders, teachers and doctors, and these colleges will furnish such leaders if we will support them. Is our pity exhausted on the victims of war? Is there to be no relief for such starving souls? American women can never meet this desperate need, but Indian women can if we will help them.

In connection with the annual meeting of the Federation of Woman's Boards of Foreign Missions of North America, the Central Committee on the United Study of Foreign Missions celebrated its twenty-first birthday on the evening of January 14th, in the Marble Collegiate Church, New York City.

**Authors' Night
at a Birthday
Celebration.**

It was in the year 1900, after the close of the Ecumenical Conference, that "the vision splendid" was vouchsafed to Miss Abbie B. Child of seeing women of all denominations studying one text-book, and the plan was launched, the Central Committee organ-

ized, and in 1901 the first book, "Via Christi," was published, and for twenty-one consecutive years a text-book has been issued. Approximately two million study books have been bought and studied by prayerful groups of women, and used at summer schools.

Therefore, it was a cause for much rejoicing that the following authors were able to accept the invitation to be present. Perhaps never again will such a notable company of missionary authors gather on a platform: Mrs. Helen Barrett Montgomery, author of "Christus Redemptor," "Western Women in Eastern Lands," "The King's Highway," and "The Bible and Missions"; Dr. Arthur J. Brown, "The Nearer and Farther East"; Mrs. A. R. B. Lindsay, "Gloria Christi"; Dr. Isaac Headland, "China's New Day"; Dr. W. E. Griffis, "Dux Christi"; Mrs. Caroline Atwater Mason, "Lux Christi," "World Missions and World Peace," and editor of "A Crusade of Compassion"; Miss Jean Kenyon Mackenzie, "An African Trail"; Miss Margaret Burton, "Women Workers in the Orient"; Mrs. Mary Labaree Platt, "The Child in the Midst"; Professor Eric North, author of "The Kingdom and the Nations," now in press, and Dr. D. J. Fleming, who is to write the book on India for 1922.

It was a unique sight, that galaxy of distinguished men and women, who were introduced by the gifted chairman, Mrs. Henry W. Peabody. The authors' remarks were of necessity "the soul of wit," but their well-chosen words made a lasting impression.

The usual custom of receiving gifts was reversed, and the committee had the greater joy of giving from its treasury \$50 to the Christian Literature Committee for Women and Children in Mission Lands, \$350 to the Women's Union Christian Colleges (\$50 to each), and \$100 for China Famine Sufferers. This last gift was placed in the hands of a young Chinese woman.

Adjourning to the church parlor, the twenty-one inch square birthday cake, with candles, awaited their lighting by the authors. Mrs. Peabody cut the cake and willing hands served lemonade, while friends new and old, from far and near, rejoiced together because of God's blessing on our work for the furtherance of His Kingdom.

We note with pleasure the splendid gain from Branches this month. It more than offsets the loss at the beginning of the year and marks, we hope, a definite turn in the tide. Readers will note, however, the large decrease in legacies, so that even with the help of the C.W.M. Emergency Fund the net gain for the first quarter of the year is less than \$6,000. But to meet our budget we need an average gain much larger than this *every month*. If the churches reach the new \$5,000,000 goal, our W. B. M. share will barely allow us to make the 1922 appropriations on the same basis as those of 1921. The necessity of effort on the part of every woman to see that her church meets its quota of the C. W. M. apportionment is obvious.

THE FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD
RECEIPTS AVAILABLE FOR REGULAR WORK, JANUARY 1—31, 1921

	From Branches	From Other Sources	From C. W. M.	From Legacies and Reserve Legacy Fund	Income from Investments & Deposits	TOTAL
1920 .	\$19,648.41	\$2,631.23	—	\$1,726.66	\$646.50	\$24,652.80
1921 .	22,775.64	2,479.20	\$13,952.46	260.00	665.25	40,132.55
Gain .	\$3,127.23		\$13,952.46		\$18.75	\$15,479.75
Loss .		\$152.03		\$1,466.66		

OCTOBER 18, 1920—JANUARY 31, 1921

1920 .	\$49,558.01	\$4,004.48	—	\$16,443.25	\$2,232.99	\$72,238.73
1921 .	50,249.09	4,424.78	\$22,675.66	13,911.97	2,180.95	93,442.45
Gain .	\$691.08	\$420.30	\$22,675.66			\$21,203.72
Loss .				\$2,531.28	\$52.04	

RECEIPTS FOR REGULAR WORK AND BUILDINGS
JANUARY 1, 1920—JANUARY 1, 1921

COUNTING ON APPORTIONMENT FOR 1920				NOT COUNTING ON APPORTIONMENT			
From Auxiliary Societies	From Churches	From Church Organizations	Total	From Individuals	From Other Sources	From C. W. M.	TOTAL
\$138,189.01	\$27,208.04	\$11,197.94	\$176,594.99	\$53,333.48	\$18,840.85	\$46,181.38	\$294,950.70

Ruth G. Holland, Comrade of the Quiet Hour

A glorious summer day beginning at Northfield, birds singing in the trees, shadows on the distant hills, most of the conference delegates still asleep. But one Aloha girl has stolen out of her tent and, seated on a blanket to protect her from the wet grass, is living out the Aloha motto: "Lift up your eyes and look; look on the hills and be rested; look unto Him and be radiant; look on the fields and be ready."

From our human point of view Ruth Holland was just ready to begin her real missionary work in the Uduvil Girls' School, Ceylon, having passed her first language examinations, when she was called to the radiant service of those who see face to face the Master whom they serve. But her missionary work began with her consecration to Christ's service in her home church, and will continue in the lives which she influenced as well as in the direct service to which she has been promoted.

Ruth Holland was born May 30, 1892, in Worcester, Mass. When she was eight years old she came with her family to live on a farm in Shrewsbury, Mass. There she attended High School and joined the Congregational Church, "after great longing and with much joy." She taught a Sunday School class and led the children in a Mission Band. It is of this period of her missionary life that her pastor wrote: "She was a 'Comrade of the Quiet Hour.' Her Bible and her prayer life left a real imprint upon her character. She was in truth a living epistle. Ruth knew whom she believed. She not only knew Him, but she loved Him and longed with her whole heart to have others know and love Him, too. Although her home cares were exacting, no phase of her church life was ever neglected."

After graduating from the High School, she desired to go to



Ruth G. Holland

college to prepare for missionary service, but her mother was an invalid, and she was needed at home, so she stayed ungrudgingly. After five years she was free to go to college, and she entered Middlebury College in 1915. All through her college course she worked to help meet her expenses. In her senior year, besides carrying her regular academic schedule and ranking as one of the brightest students in the class, she did seven hours of housework a day, and also served as president of the Y. W. C. A. The tribute as to her missionary work during her four years at Middlebury comes from professors and students alike. One professor writes: "I believe she has been a missionary here in college as an inspiration to her college mates for higher ideals of living." And a college friend adds: "Her spiritual nature is that rare sort which inspires every one else to be like her. She is always ready to help everybody. Every one likes her and she likes everybody." More than one Middlebury student volunteer is preparing for missionary service because of her influence.

In the fall of 1919 she went out to Ceylon to take charge of a new department of household arts in the Uduvil Girls' School. She received a festal welcome from her future pupils, and all through the first year of hard language study the monotony was relieved for her by the sight of these Tamil school girls and the thought of the message she could bring to them only when she could speak their tongue. In talking with one of her missionary friends, she gave as her reason for going to Ceylon the "desire that everybody should know the Christ who has made my life so abundant and joyous."

The brief cable message which reached Boston, January 14, brings us the sad news that she succumbed to an attack of typhoid fever. There is sorrow here in the hearts of all to whom she was so dear, and we know that the Uduvil girls and teachers mourn for their new friend. Another "Comrade of the Quiet Hour" is needed to take her place in Uduvil while she keeps tryst elsewhere.

"So shall it be at last in that bright morning
When the day breaketh and life's shadows flee.
Oh, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee."

H. B. C.

American Guests at Matsuyama

Conditions of Our Work There

By Olive S. Hoyt

WE have just had a few visitors from the Sunday School Convention, and evidently the word was passed down from Tokyo that they were to be entertained as guests of the Government, for the Governor and city officials gave them a great reception. The party was met by auto at the place where they stopped before coming to Matsuyama, and then were taken on to the next place by auto. While in the city a big reception was planned for them on the top of Castle Hill by the Governor



New Site for School on Castle Hill

and city. The experts of the city staged an old play for them, and all the finest treasures of the Castle were on exhibit. The élite Ladies' Club of the city presented the party with beautiful bouquets of flowers. That evening the newspapers planned a big

meeting in City Hall, at which the delegates spoke, and it was most evident that the Japanese were trying to do all they could to show us that they loved America and wanted her to love them.

On the following day the Governor and all the leading men of the city gave a big Japanese banquet at the finest house in the vicinity and, of course, gave very hearty and elaborate speeches of welcome and thanks for coming to such a place as Matsuyama. The city allowed the use of the City Hall for a big Sunday School rally, and some of the people who never saw such a gathering came to the rally. And most wonderful of all, the missionaries of the city were included in all the festivities, even to the big banquet. Of course, it was fundamentally a stroke of international courtesy on the part of the Government at Tokyo, and well timed with reference to the California question, but at the same time it did show the real feeling of the best of the country toward America, and it ought to help to bring the two nations together. This was just a little bit of the welcome given the delegates in Tokyo. It has given us missionaries in Matsuyama a chance to get acquainted with the officials of the city.

The party came to our school, and the girls prepared a little program of songs and exhibition of their work. For one detail, six girls painted a poem card each, and then later in the program six other girls wrote a poem on each of the cards and presented a card to each of the visitors. The members of the party had not had an opportunity to see any other Mission Schools, and they were much interested in ours.

At the end of the last term we held a little meeting of all the Christian girls of the school, and formed a little band among ourselves to do personal work among the girls of the school. Some time before, at a general meeting of all the girls, several girls in the school had indicated their desire to learn more about Christianity and to become Christians, and so the names of these girls were read at this meeting of the Christians, and each girl was taken by one of the Christian girls as a definite subject for prayer and effort.

A few days ago we held another meeting to hear the reports of

the work, and it was beautiful to hear the girls tell how they had tried by little meetings, by invitations to church and by letters to get girls to decide. Two girls were baptized as a result of this special work, and I am sure that more results will follow later. I feel that this work by the girls themselves for their own school-mates is most effective and helpful. Girls are pretty frank with each other, and there is less chance for posing and hypocrisy. It is a tremendous problem to know how most wisely to lead these girls into a real and vital understanding of Christianity.

We have just lived through three consecutive days of ceremony. First was the celebration of the thirtieth anniversary of the issuing of the Imperial Rescript on Education, then came the Emperor's birthday, and, finally, the observance of the opening, or, rather, dedication of the shrine to the former Emperor. All three days we met as a school and had a formal assembly. The talk on the first day emphasized the fact that the ideals set forth in the Imperial Rescript were so high that the only way to really



Ceremonial Tea at Matsuyama School

attain them was to live just as sincere a Christian life as one could. On the second day the talk emphasized service for others, and on the third day the fact that the former Emperor recognized a supreme Being greater than himself was made the text of a good sermon. Thus we tried to show that Christianity and patriotism were not only not antagonistic, but that they were interdependent. I wish I knew what the influence of the three talks was.

I cannot emphasize too strongly the tremendous needs there are in this land for Christian teaching and living. We who are here all the time feel the burden very heavy, and are looking to the home constituency to support us in every possible way. We need money, but more than that we need to feel constantly the sympathetic touch of Christian friends *in letters and messages*. We want to feel that there is a great volume of prayer being lifted for us and for the work that we are trying to do with so many limitations about us to hinder and embarrass us.

Experiences in Refugeeing in Trebizond

True and Up to Date

By Anna L. Daniels

MADAMOISELLE, *automobile zeliar*" (Madamoiselle, the automobile is coming). So called the Armenian maid up the stairway as I was putting on hat and coat, ready for my daily afternoon of refugeeing. And I replied, "*Ben gelegaim, shinudi*" (I will come now). My bag was ready (it was a German sand bag). In it were some half bars of Ivory soap, a few cans of milk, a few spools of thread and scraps of cloth (to mend old rags), a little quinine and a bottle of castor oil. Also were ready notebook, pencil and requisition blanks. Thus prepared, I went down and out the gate in the high stone wall to the automobile, directing the chauffeur to a certain Greek school just off the market street. On the way I picked up my partner in refugeeing, Miss Dakota. We sometimes worked together, though she had charge of the Greeks and I the Armenians. This

was our first visit in six months. The people had scattered some during the summer, and had not needed much attention during the warm weather.

Now winter was approaching, and they were returning from their villages. We must find out their present conditions and needs. We had made an early start, and in the school yard the little charcoal fires were still burning. They were scattered here and there in a corner, under the steps, or in a niche in the wall. Women were bending over them, blowing the fires, or stirring the bean soup from the soup kitchen. Their dirty, ragged little children hovered about munching their portion of coarse brown bread, also from the soup kitchen. Upon our arrival all gathered about us, with greetings in Turkish, Greek or Armenian languages. But, bent upon business, we went inside, ready with an interpreter to begin in the basement and investigate each family. In most of the rooms were four or five families, each taking a corner or a window and its broad sill. The bedding was packed up against the wall. It consisted of pallets filled with straw, corn shucks, nut shells or wool. Boxes, bundles, gunny sacks, full of old clothes, or perhaps onions and potatoes, were on the floor or hung about the wall, while on the window sill might be a kettle, dish or two, and a wooden spoon apiece. The baby, wrapped up tightly in swaddling clothes, was swung in a little home-made hammock from the ceiling or between two uprights or across a corner. The rooms were dirty and smelly. There was no glass in the windows. In the rooms where there was a cement floor were charcoal fires, making the atmosphere unbearable. A number of old men, women and babies were sick. What tales these people could tell of robberies, murders and all manner of unheard-of atrocities! A group of old men and women were about to leave for a distant village to investigate their old homes and see if they would be safe for the others next spring. They said, "We are the ones to go. We are old. It will not matter if we are robbed or our throats cut." Miss Dakota and I persuaded our director to give them a little money for bread on the journey. It was a pathetic scene as they bade farewell to the younger people and the babies,

strapped their loads to their backs, took their walking sticks and silently started on a ten days' walk through dangerous and mountainous country.

Then we turned to the real job of investigating. Seated on a gunny sack containing brushwood, with the interpreter at hand, Miss Dakota perched on a window sill and a boy at the door to keep out the curious neighbors, we bade each family go to their corner and open up all their things. This was the rule in every case. Many times we would exclaim, "Atch, atch" (open, open), pointing at some innocent-looking bundle. Then we compared with the record of six months before. "Yes, here are the two bed ticks given then, also dress, underwear, baby garments. But where are the shoes written on my list? Ah, you have sold them, and for how much and why?" "For food," was the general response, and though they attended the soup kitchen regularly more was needed because of sickness, lack of work, the baby needed milk, etc. Always the same story, and I have learned it by heart. "*Madame, para yok, ish yok, baba yok, hepisi gitde. Ben atch, ben palto isterim. Madam, huch, yok shinudi.*" (No money, no work, no father. Everybody and everything gone. I am hungry. I want a coat. Madame, nothing now.) And so we went from one to another, writing down their history and their needs as we thought we could give on the requisition blanks—a blanket, a bed tick, underwear, dress, shoes, or baby outfit for an expected new-comer. Such pitiful little baby outfits of a few yards of cotton cloth, a square of outing flannel, some gingham for wrappings, a flannel band, a little shirt and a piece of soap. I doled out from my German sand bag as I deemed necessary. Two old women were promised a bath with soap and ten piastres when their new underwear came. To a few we gave a little slip recommending them to the Turkish clinic.

A few cursed us and, pulled at us and persisted in more demands. My interpreter occasionally would show someone the door with the crooked handle of my walking stick in sheer self-defense.

We had a happy surprise at the end of one day's work. A

young Russian women whose husband repaired shoes invited us to their room for a cup of tea. The ready steaming samovar looked good, and we made ourselves comfortable on soap boxes, and had real Russian tea in real Russian style. . . .

The grateful people fall on my neck and embrace me—to my distress—for did I not go through a ten-week siege of typhus fever myself, to say nothing of Miss Dakota, who had a serious eruption on her neck and face, and another who suffered for months with trachōma, the dreaded eye disease? As a preventative and also for my own comfort, each night when I get home I change all my clothes, wash with disinfectant soap, and sometimes even use a spray for nose and throat.

These experiences of a few days and in a small company of people are mild examples of thousands of others among the Greeks, Armenians and Turks, housed in dilapidated churches, theatres, schools and dwelling houses. I am thinking just now of another large house where are perhaps two hundred families. It is cold and rainy tonight. Their house was cleaned today, and I am sure it is not dry. Because of some bad doings of two young girls, the whole house has been cut off from the soup kitchen. Turkish barracks are just up that street, and a hotel



Refugee children spending their recess time knitting

just across. The people have sold absolutely *all* their things given by the Near East Relief for bread. One old woman on finishing her share of work took off her wet clothes, all she had, and wrapped herself up in a piece of carpet. There were babies, starved and like skeletons.

One day we gave a tea party to about sixty of the old women refugees. They had all the tea, biscuits and watermelon they wanted. We look forward a little later to some 'sewing days, when we will bring thread, needles and pieces to the refugee houses and help the women to patch up their old clothes.

These incidents also show, perhaps, some of the difficulties under which we work. We do not aim to clothe these poor people, to feed them, to make them well, to clean them up and put them in normal condition. We can just do enough to keep soul and body together in order to spread our little among the many who are needy. It is easy enough to sit down at home and lay plans for distribution of relief which will not make paupers and which is only absolutely necessity, I find, but it is quite a different matter to meet personally, say, fifty people, men, women and children, who ask simply for a coat, a can of milk or some baby clothes, and have to say "No." "If a man ask of ye bread, will ye give him a stone?"



A village street near Trebizond

French Control at Aintab

By Lucile B. Foreman

THE French have brought a larger force here, and apparently are going to take the city sooner or later. The Turks seem to have hardened their hearts, like Pharaoh, and nothing moves them. I don't see how they stand the heavy bombardment, but they do. The French have hemmed them in now so no one (no Turks) can go out or come in. There was quite a battle a few miles from here not long ago, in which the French were victorious and completely frustrated the plans of the Turks.

We have been expecting Mr. and Mrs. Martin with every convoy, and at last Mr. Martin has come, to our great comfort. I was counting on having Mrs. Martin for company, but I am sure it was best for her to stay in Beirut with Mrs. Shepard. It is a great comfort to Dr. Shepard, too, to have Mrs. Martin with his wife.

I am helping in the hospital now with the housekeeping. As Miss Eddy does not know the language, that part of the work is difficult for her. Unless events necessitate a change in my plans, I expect to open school the last of January for the girls who were in the seminary last year. Nearly two-thirds of them have left Aintab, but those who remain would like to go on with their work. They had three months last year; they can finish up a year's work, and the two seniors who remain can take their diplomas.

The future is hazy. If we continue as a large boarding school it will be necessary to spend quite a large sum of money in repairs, painting, whitewashing and many things. They say our equipment is practically used up, so we shall need all the money that has been unexpended in the last few years to make our school habitable and to put us into running order. Until the situation here clears up, we can't tell what class of students we shall have and what form our work will take.

I am studying French, or trying to, and listening with all my ears when the officers are here, which is almost every day. Con-

sidering all that is going on, we are wonderfully well and comfortable. Miss Eddy and Dr. Shepard even had a horseback ride this week—well within bounds, of course. The weather has been perfect for a month, and I have had several good walks on the hills south of college with Miss Eddy. We can walk about freely, too, in the Armenian city, unless an especially hard bombardment is going on, when pieces of shell are likely to be flying about. Quite a little business has opened up for the Armenians with the coming of this large French force, and conditions have improved considerably in the past few weeks. We have no word at all from Marash, except that a caravan of forty Near East Relief camels was captured and pillaged going from Aleppo to Marash! So the poor things won't get their much-needed supplies.

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Editorial

The steamer *Matsonia*, sailing from San Francisco on Wednesday, January 26, carried as passengers Dr. H. H. Kelsey, head of the Pacific Coast office of the American Board, and Dr. J. K. Browne, field secretary for the Coast, bound for a three months' tour of the Hawaiian Islands in the interests of the foreign mission work of the denomination.

The Islands are being brought closer to the mainland by means of these deputations, of which there have been several of late. Mrs. Kelsey accompanied her husband, but Mrs. Browne's health did not permit of her joining the party. Instead, she has gone to Worcester, Mass., to make her home with her daughter, Mrs. W.

G. Harland, at 82 Elm Street, for the present. She will be greatly missed from the Bay region, where she has served the San Francisco First Society and the Northern California Branch of the W. B. M. P. in official capacities.

Relief Work in Lintsing

By Edith C. Tallmon

I MUST tell you of the speedy way your gift made itself a blessing. I made, with the Bible woman, a visit to the home of a very poor church member. Never did I see a more forlorn home. The door opened from the street into a dim room with mud walls, and there was a millstone and a thin little donkey, and there the man ground millet into flour and sold it at an increase over the cost of the grain, and tried to make a living for himself and his wife and his two little girls (of two and six). But the famine conditions made feed for his donkey so excessive and the cost of the millet was so high that he could not keep going, and was forced to sell the donkey, and said he would turn the mill himself all night and go out to peddle his flour from house to house by day.

The next room was equally forlorn—dirty, grimy, with bedding in the big brick bed, clothing unmended, dishes unwashed, and dust and flies over all. In the midst was the wife, despairing and blind. They were counting their total resources spread out there on the table. It was less than one dollar, and not enough to buy the next supply of grain for grinding.

The funds from the Relief Committee have since been used as a loan to help him set up his business, but it was your gift that paid the hospital fees for the wife and little girls, who had to come, too, and went to the kindergarten. Her eyes were operated on and the sight of one was restored. She is a very, very grateful person.

The father said, "Some of our despairing neighbors have said, 'There is no way to get through the winter; we had better end our lives'; but though I could see no way myself, I said that we who believe in God cannot do that—we can pray, and now by

this loan God has made a way." Now I hope that home is going to be a better place—and are you not glad that your gift was there for that emergency? I surely was grateful for it.

I have had clippings telling of the quarantine for diphtheria of the Berkeley High School, and I was glad to realize that there are places that have boards of health and quarantine regulations. Cholera and flies have been so dreadful during the summer I surely have been thankful for a house that was screened, but I have wished that Lintsing had a health department like that of Berkeley. I can even welcome cold weather with joy, because it will end the flies. I find the monthly magazine for women, edited entirely by Chinese women, printed in Shanghai, is taking up such subjects.

This week a home for destitute children is being opened in one of the hospital buildings. It is supported by famine relief funds. We have both boys and girls from four to ten years of age. We expect to admit twenty-five. Our newest missionary is on the committee in charge, and reports great times washing needy heads and giving baths all around.

Industrial work is the best way we can help the women. The tatting school, which normally had about fifty, is aiding more, and there is also a class of women learning hem-stitching and cross-stitching work. Those who come have certain hours devoted to Bible study and other lessons. Many of the forty-nine school girls are doing crocheting to get money to pay their dues, as their people at home can do nothing in these hard times.

About seven thousand men will be employed on the new road which the American Red Cross funds are aiding to construct in this part of Shantung. Such things as autos and speed in traveling seem dreams about to come true.

“Serve thou in pain, in poverty, in grief,
But never serve in fear, since thou hast love;
And love can ever send for thy relief,
At need, the angel host from realms above.
Serve where He sends thee; serve the Lord with joy,
And know His service should thy life employ.”

Field Correspondents

Miss Florence L. Fox, Our Philippine Nurse, writes from Manila:—

I think I told you in my first letter of the kind welcome the Presbyterian missionaries gave me, and also how kindly the Methodist missionaries received me into their hospital for work and study. The doctor and nurses there gave me the freedom of the hospital and I had some very interesting experiences in the nursery and especially in the delivery room. I assisted at several difficult deliveries and was allowed to deliver several times myself under the doctor's direction. I spent some time in the operating room, but they were doing mostly minor operations. I also spent some time in the diet kitchen and also some time in the sick children's ward. Pitiful little specimens of humanity but most of them improved.

I have been taking charge of two classes under the doctor's direction in the Mary J. Johnston Hospital. I have also helped out in the Mary Childs' Hospital here. This hospital is under the Christian Church.

A course of six lectures a week is being given under the direction of the Philippine General Hospital—a Government institution—for the benefit of post-graduate nurses. I am enrolled for these lectures, which are very instructive and interesting and given by native doctors. The course lasts for about twelve weeks, so I feel that my time is pretty well taken up, when I prepare for five classes and teach them—and attend the six lectures, together with my own individual study, and going to certain social functions and church, and visiting a little.

I am glad to have had this opportunity of getting acquainted with native nurses and native people in work already established. It will make it easier when I come to my own work. Some of these girls are lovely.

I am making a few notes of some of the many things of interest here and the impressions they make, and I will send you a copy of this letter as soon as I have it written out. My very first impressions are too depressing to write about. I was so appalled and depressed by conditions and people of Japan that it was some time before I recovered from that shock, if I might call it such.

Conditions in Manila are somewhat different, although the need here is great, too. We can see the evidences of the influence of the American occupation here. The Japanese seem proud of the progress they have made, but they have a long way to go yet.

Within the last few weeks I have found that I shall have to take an examination in midwifery before I will be allowed to practise. The nurses' examination and registration do not cover this field. So a separate examination and a separate certificate are given. This examination comes in January. I suppose it will be best to stay here until this, too, is over, but my sister is so disappointed I hardly know whether it is best to stay or go to her, even if only for a little time.

Glory Kindergarten, Japan, and the Sunday School Convention

For three weeks, while the delegates to the World's Sunday School Convention were in Japan, the children of the Glory Kindergarten, Kobe, played "Convention." Miss Annie L. Howe, who conducts that splendid kindergarten for Christians and non-Christians, knew that the children were talking about the Convention, for many delegates were passing through Kobe and, while there, were being entertained. They were seen in automobile processions as they passed through the streets, they visited the schools and colleges and held great public meetings following the banquet in the Oriental hotel. To play that Convention for three weeks would give those kindergarten children a vision of what it stood for and would relate well-known men to the Christian faith for which they stood.

Six flags—Japanese, American, British, Chinese, French (for Europe) Argentine Republic (for South America)—were placed on standards in the playroom. The first week the children built a play church and sang songs in it. They received little Gospels of John and learned the Convention motto, "I am the light of the World." They had pictures of "Christ Blessing the children," the Sistine Madonna, or some other good picture to take home. They were told about the Sunday school and invited to attend and

they played welcoming the visitors to Japan. The second week the countries represented by the flags were studied, and every child made a flag of each, a total of 384 flags.

The third week was given over to a study of men: John Wanamaker, the Christian merchant; John Haskell, the Christian banker; John Forster, the Christian artist, and Prof. H. Augustine Smith, the Christian musician. A store was made, things sold, and the paper money collected. "John" put this money into a play church which had been built near his play store. On another day the children found the playroom a veritable art gallery, when John Forster had the floor. (Mr. Forster was the artist who painted the portraits of the Emperor and Empress which were presented by the delegates to Their Majesties during the Convention in Tokyo.)

On another day a proud bank president (!) taking the part of John D. Haskell, a bank president of Wakefield, Nebraska, sat alone at his desk stamping documents while his accountants and bank tellers served the children who had money to deposit.

On "Augustine Smith Day" music books were brought out from which the children copied notes as they pleased into tiny scores made ready for them. Then they had a concert, using the songs they knew, followed by piano and vocal music by the foreign teachers.

Miss Howe sums up the results by saying: "Yes, plenty of them. The children could pass examinations on a philanthropic Christian merchant, on an honest bank president, on the hymn-praising musician, and on the fact that a Christian man had been permitted to paint the portrait of the Emperor, and that all these were Sunday school men.

"The children will not allow themselves to be separated from their little Gospels of John. They have heard that God's light is to be found in those pages. And there has been such a flocking to the Sunday school that the primary teacher is put to it to find places to stow the children away. Best of all, perhaps, for Japan, the idea is gained that noted men who are successful business and professional men, can be Christian men, and Sunday school teachers as well."

Prayer
at Noontide



Encircling
the Earth

At Home with the Lord

A Pre-Easter Study

By Mrs. C. H. Daniels

THE commentators and exegetes will not see these humble pages, not being subscribers to LIFE AND LIGHT, and so I venture.

The fact is they never quite satisfy me with the recognition they give to John 14: 1-3 when discussing that great theme, Immortality.

I invite you who have some time become "acquainted with grief" to sit with me about the Master and listen, just as those troubled disciples listened when the mystery of death confronted them. Christ first declared His authority to speak on such a subject in that hour of sorrow. This was introductory to the comfort in store. "Let not your hearts be troubled—trust in God, trust also in Me." It was no new thing for the great Teacher to speak as from God. Read some of the passages in John, like 5:20, 7:16, 8:16, 28, and in reading realize anew the privilege of hearing from the world's greatest expert in spiritual truth on a theme so universal and profound as this of the life beyond.

Then pass on and grasp the three facts which stand out luminously in the second and third verses.

I. There is plenty of room in God's great spiritual house and an appropriate, individual abiding place for each child received there. The personal, individual element in this promise is just what our dearest hopes ask for loved ones entered in. We may think of them as amply provided for in all the fine, high demands of their spiritual nature.

Here, when we plan a new dwelling place, its material features absorb much thought and time. They often so limit us that we

cannot make our homes what we would like them to be. They may not express our real selves in the least degree nor even contribute to our deepest need. Over there no material barriers hinder a soul from receiving all it is ready to receive; from expressing what it is able to express; from growing as rapidly as its own expansive power urges it to grow. "Eternal life is an experience of God with the whole being."

To find, each one, his niche in the economy of this life is a deep satisfaction. To know that a niche awaits each one in the long, long home is deep joy. The Master says here that He is going to get this place ready. It is a saying whose depths we may not fathom until we have fathomed the redemptive work of Christ. We can put this along with the terms given Him of High Priest and Mediator, and with the statement, "He ever liveth to make intercession for us."

As God is ours in deep experience through Christ, so the eternal dwelling place of God is ours through Christ.

II. Christ endorses the general belief in an immortal life beyond this.

"If it were not so I would have told you." The Jews had always thought it was so, in common with all nations from primitive times until now. The disciples, and Jesus also, had naturally come into the inheritance of this treasure along with some other great religious ideas. But in the development of the inheritance how vast the difference between disciple and Master! Remind yourselves of previous talks on the subject by reading again from John 5:24-29, 6:39-40, 58. He "brought life and immortality to life," not alone in the glorious climax of His own risen life, but also in the authoritative messages of these days just before. Of course, He would have told them if they were indulging a foolish, unwarranted hope about the next world. The Teacher who had discussed with them so many principles of the Kingdom, had answered their questions so carefully, met their perplexities and set them the example of service—such a Teacher and Friend could not have left them to feed on false hopes.

A neighbor whose husband had recently died came to ask me

about this statement of Christ. She had not heard it explained, but it seemed to her the sweet endorsement she craved of a great expectation. Together we rejoiced over the tender words, "I would have told you if you were mistaken."

We bring our bulbs out from some dark corner where they have sprouted and developed a feeble life, and place them in the sunlight. Then a magic begins to work and in a short time, behold, a tall, vigorous growth crowned by fragrant blossoms. Thus it was with the idea, Immortality, when Christ brought it into the light.

III. The reception into the heavenly home is a welcome to the companionship of Christ.

"That where I am, there ye may be also." A little later that same night the tender, persuasive voice was pleading with His disciples to abide in Him and to let Him abide in them while they lived on earth. He said, "You can do nothing apart from Me." The companionship of Jesus Christ is a vital experience of joy now, in this very present life. What, then, must it be in the all-spirit world, where we no longer see through a glass darkly, but face to face!

When we have most carefully gleaned in our Bible there is, after all, very little found concerning the manner of life in the heavenly home—that is, very little which is directly asserted in detail. In our earlier experiences we mourn because we want to know more. Then after a time light breaks upon us. We come to know Christ better, we remember that His presence dominates that new life and we begin to draw some natural inferences from that knowledge. Read John 12:26; also II. Cor. 5:8, Phil 1:23, Rev. 22:3-5. Meditating upon this passage thus, does it not draw all our thoughts about the next life to one single focus, namely, to Jesus Christ? He is the Alpha and the Omega of life,—right here, over there. And so when the "veil hangs dark between" and we grow heart sick with vain struggles to tear it away, better is it to turn away from the screen and hold a little dialogue with Jesus in the sunlight.

If such thoughts as these mean much to us, what must they

mean to those who have grown up in an atmosphere of despair and who "hopeless lay their dead away." I recall stories written to us or told by missionaries who had enjoyed the thrilling experience of sitting with women in China or in India and unfolding the truth of the resurrection of Christ and the hopes which grow out of it.

One aged Hindu grandmother, drawing close to Mrs. Capron during a conversation, looked intently and anxiously into her eyes while she asked, "Do you think after I die God will let me go to Heaven? I keep thinking about it all the time."

"If you love His dear Son, Jesus, that is the only Name that will give us all a place in Heaven," was the reply, and then the story of Christ's resurrection was told. "No pen can describe the joy with which she listened." "He's alive! He's alive!" she exclaimed with delight. It seemed to burst upon her like a flood of glory.

More than one of those vivid pen-pictures, drawn for us long ago by Mrs. Capron, gathers around the death of her son, for that event suggested many questions to the women in the villages.

"Tell us about it," they would say. "The great God above all gods, who made us, has prepared a glorious home for us to go to when we lay by our bodies."

And then the way was open for a lesson from this very passage, John 14:1-3.

The Passing of Two Friends of Missions.

The death of Miss Julia Twining at her home in New Haven, in February, brings freshly to mind the loyal, untiring service she gave to the Woman's Board through the many years during which she served as treasurer of the New Haven Branch.

Mrs. E. H. Burt, who entered upon the heavenly life at her home in Torrington, Conn., January 3, has been for several years a vice-president of the New Haven Branch. She was born of missionary parents in European Turkey and in her life as pastor's wife was a devoted and winning advocate of foreign missions. Wherever her gentle and radiant spirit passed she left a host of loving friends who mourn her loss.

Our Book Shelf

Persian Pictures.—By Mary F. Labaree Platt. Published by Fleming H. Revell.

Mrs. Platt's foreword is dated from Lincoln University, Pa., written in the year 1920, and she speaks of "the hope that I may have a tiny share in the upbuilding of the new age in Persia, as I was privileged to have had in the old era and early war days from 1904-1915." These sketches are in poetic form and are divided into "Village Life," "In Tabriz," "War Time," and "Caravan Song."

Steeped in the horrors of bloody massacres as we have been almost to callousness, yet these vivid poetic pictures find us still sensitive to "man's inhumanity to man."

The Influence of Animism on Islam. By Samuel M. Zwemer, F. R. G. S. Pub. by the MacMillan Co., pp. 244, price, \$2.00.

It is probably conceded that Dr. Zwemer is the best authority on Islamism. The word "animism" is unfamiliar to most of us, and it is defined in the opening chapter as "The belief that a great part, if not all, of the inanimate kingdom of nature as well as all animated beings, are endowed with reason, intelligence and volition, identical with man."

The book is an account of popular superstitions and we are told that these are the working creed of over half the human race. It seems incredible, they are so senseless and puerile. For example, an entire chapter is devoted to "Hair, Fingernails and the Hand."

The reason for all this research "is to show that no real fundamental understanding of popular Islam is possible without taking account of animism, and the conclusion of the whole matter is that "if it is the will of God that man shall have a religion in order to be happy and to have an assurance of deliverance from fear animistic, Islam is not that religion.

China, the Mysterious and Marvelous. By Victor Murdock. Published by Revell Co.

The author's name is new to many of us and he has written a unique book on China. The publisher's note tells us that "he has

been editor, journalist, Congressman, and is now chairman of the Trade Commission. He has a wonderful eye for the picturesque, for the unusual and for the romantic. He is the possessor of a graphic, facile pen and a captivating style. His thinking is unfettered by preconceived notions. He has an understanding of international politics. He knows how to throw light and color upon the subjects he deals with."

The author is interested in Chinese politics and her attempt at a republican form of government. The book has no mission flavor in the ordinary sense and yet one feels that Mr. Murdock is in sympathy with those who carry the Gospel to the Chinese. The closing paragraph of the book is as follows: "The two foremost elements of the world are the doctrines of Jesus Christ and democracy. To me they are one and the same; making the leaven which must eventually leaven the whole lump, east as well as west."

G. H. C.

Junior Department

The Cradle Roll and Missions

NOTE: In the last number of this Department we began a discussion of the subject of the Cradle Roll in its relation to mothers and babies around the world. We treated there the question of "why" this important work should be given a part in the Cradle Roll and of what sort such an organization should be. In this number we shall take up the question of "how"—methods by which such an object may be accomplished, together with a list of suggestive materials for those leading the Cradle Roll.

How?

For the accomplishment of these two things, intelligent world citizens among the mothers and the missionary church of tomorrow, we need, as far as the Cradle Roll is concerned, no cumbersome organization and no elaborate machinery. The methods are most simple and the first requirement is this:—the decision of the Sunday School or those who are directing the Cradle Roll to introduce a missionary department or feature, this where the Sunday School Cradle Roll is already a working and successful

department of the Church School. Where such is not the case, the ideal beginning will be the organization of a Church Sunday Cradle Roll but, if this is not feasible, the Missionary Cradle Roll may, of course, be organized independently. Beyond this first decision, the plan followed may be one of three:—

1. A department for mothers only. By this the mothers take their share in the work for mothers and little ones around the world. The procedure may be simply the signing of a very simple agreement as has been done in one or two cases, worded something as follows:—“(a) Believing that we as Christian mothers of American children have a share in making the world a safer, better place for boys and girls and mothers, we ourselves agree to help in the forwarding of Christ’s work through the missions of our denominations and, (b) to help our little ones to a sympathetic understanding and a real spirit of friendship for children of other races and other lands.” To foster this part of the work we have leaflets for mothers telling of the need and the work of the Boards and one or two inspirational leaflets in addition presenting the mother’s part. Mite-boxes, attractively made in the shape of a cradle, are provided in quantity free to such groups. These are taken home by the mothers and into them, in the baby’s name, are put the offerings of American Motherhood for the mothers abroad. There should be, of course, in connection with the Cradle Roll at the end of the year an opportunity for these mite-boxes to be brought together. At that time there should be at least a prayer of consecration and, if possible, an explanation of the particular object for which the money is to be used.

2. The foregoing plan may be followed for the missionary activities of the Cradle Roll. In addition, at the party of which we have just spoken, a missionary feature may be introduced in the telling to the children from four to seven of simple stories, or even one story, of child life elsewhere and the gathering at that time and in the homes through the cradle boxes, or in any other way, of an offering from these boys and girls, their earliest missionary gift. * If this plan is followed, there should certainly be some specific object to which the gift should go. Preferably it

should be sent for children of the very ages represented in the group giving, in order that a story told of the children their money is to help may be of real educational value.

3. A more definitely organized missionary department which shall graduate definitely, as the Cradle Roll graduates into the Beginners Department, into some existing missionary organization, if there is one, such as the Mission Band or Junior Christian Endeavor Society. There are several small points to be noticed. First of all, it is important that every mother in the church, whatever method is being followed, shall be visited and told about this plan and have a chance to take, in her baby's name, the little cradle. After all, if we are ever to have the intelligent understanding of which we have been speaking, it must come first of all to the mothers of Cradle Roll children and the mothers' department is the most important one of all.

There are a number of helpful bits of material which mothers can use in interesting their children in the little people of other lands. These are all listed under the material available, though there are other things also which might be helpful and with which the Junior Department will be glad to supply any mother or teacher interested. In many cases where the Sunday School Cradle Roll uses enrollment cards, it is found helpful to have an enrollment card also for the missionary department that the mothers may from the very beginning indicate their interest in the carrying on of this part of the child's education.

A part of the misunderstanding as to the purpose of the Cradle Roll, both Sunday School only and Missionary only, has come from the term "Cradle Roll." It is a difficult thing to understand perhaps that on this Roll the children are kept until they are seven and that the term "Cradle" does not mean simply "babies in arms." As a mother moving to a new church once said,—“At first when they asked me to transfer my little girl of three from the Cradle Roll of my old church to the Cradle Roll of this new church, I said ‘She is too big for the Cradle Roll now.’” In one of the leaflets for mothers belonging to the Woman's Board, there is this question asked by one mother of

all the mothers everywhere in America:—"Will you not decide with me that we will teach our children that, next to love for God and parents, comes love for all God's little ones everywhere, black or brown, yellow or white?" This is the mother's part. In the Cradle Roll and its missionary department she has her chance.

HELPFUL MATERIAL

NOTE:—Ten cents sent to the Junior Department of the Woman's Board will provide the leader with a set of samples of available leaflets.

FOR THE MOTHER

	Each	Doz.
<i>Mothers Yesterday and Today</i>03	.30
<i>Letter to Mistress Mother</i>02	.20
<i>Making the Home Makers of Africa</i>05	.50
<i>Our Kindergartens in Foreign Lands</i>05	.50
<i>Better Babies</i>03	.30
<i>Chinese Mother and Baby</i>02	.20
<i>Hospital leaflets</i>	free	
<i>School leaflets</i>	free	

FOR THE CHILDREN

<i>Little Stories for Little People (4 to 7 years)</i>05	.50
<i>A Peep at Japan</i>02	.20
<i>Strange Things Chinese Boys and Girls Do</i>02	.20
<i>Brooms You Send to India</i>02	.20
<i>Outline Picture Sets—School Children in India, China, Turkey and Mexico</i>05	.50
<i>Over the Seas with a Brush (Painting Book in two parts) per part</i>15	
<i>Yo San and His Friends (Tracing Book)</i>10	

Summary of Receipts, January 1-31, 1920

Mrs. FRANK GAYLORD COOK, Treasurer.

Cong'l World Movement	\$13,952.46	North Middlesex Branch	\$234.15
Gifts not credited to Branches	2,980.70	Old Colony Branch	462.23
Eastern Maine Branch	197.93	Springfield Branch	468.50
Western Maine Branch	711.64	Suffolk Branch	4,171.89
New Hampshire Branch	835.35	Worcester County Branch	700.55
Vermont Branch	2,172.41	Rhode Island Branch	560.82
Andover and Woburn Branch	1,452.19	Eastern Connecticut Branch	242.18
Barnstable Association	2.00	Hartford Branch	1,406.48
Berkshire Branch	528.69	New Haven Branch	3,153.24
Essex North Branch	324.44	New York State Branch	2,314.99
Essex South Branch	339.41	New Jersey Branch	600.35
Franklin County Branch	775.19	Pennsylvania Branch	237.45
Hampshire County Branch	406.45	Southeast Branch	188.85
Middlesex Branch	369.72		
Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch	1,343.92	Total	\$41,134.18
TOTAL FOR JANUARY		TOTAL FROM OCTOBER 18, 1920, TO JANUARY 31, 1921	
Donations	\$25,254.84	Donations	\$54,673.87
Cong'l World Movement	13,952.46	Cong'l World Movement	22,675.66
Buildings	1,484.49	Buildings	6,884.58
Specials	442.39	Specials	1,316.88
Legacies	600.00	Legacies	1,600.00
Total	\$41,734.18	Total	\$87,150.99

Additions to Loan Library

The Bible—A Missionary Book	Horton
The Christian Movement in the Japanese Empire	1920
The Story of the American Bible Society	
101st Annual Report	<i>American Bible Society</i>
Building on the Rock	<i>British and Foreign Bible Society</i>
In the Vulgar Tongue	<i>British and Foreign Bible Society</i>
Shepard of Aintab	Riggs
Philippines and the Far East	Stuntz
Letters from China and Japan	Dewey
The Three Hour Sermon	Kanamori
Jewels from the Orient	Bainbridge
Persian Pictures	Labaree
Everybody's World	Eddy
The Mastery of the Far East	Brown
A Girl Widow's Romance	Abbott
Chinese Heart Throbs	Hughes
Village Education in India	Report
The Honorable Crimson Tree	Ferris

These or others on our list will be sent by mail or express, as desired, though we are sorry to have to limit the distance to points east of Ohio. Terms: Books loaned free for two weeks. Postage charged to and from Boston. A fine of two cents a day on books kept over two weeks. For catalogue or for books apply to

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